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The Old and New.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

FAREWELL Old Year! Once more I bid farewell.
Thy days are slowly waning now, farewell.
Oh, thou who ever wast a friend to me,
Thy life is o'er! I'll strive to cherish thee
For evermore. Again, farewell, Old Year—
Farewell, Old Year!

All hail, New Year! Once more I bid all hail,
To joyful strains now enter in, all hail.
Oh, may thy days bring peace to men, and love
Of what is pure. Oh, may the God above
Thy reign insure. Again, all hail, New Year—
All hail, New Year!

Pepin.

FREDERICK M. GASSENSMITH, '10.



OF all the men who played an important part in the moulding of our present civilization, I have reason to think that Pepin the Short was among the greatest. This great man lived in a time when such a leader was necessary. He was a great benefactor to the Church as well as to his country, France: first, because he conquered all the enemies of his time, and placed the then divided French nation under one ruler; secondly, he favored the Church by encouraging her doctrine and also by donating to her what is known as the "States of the Church," an empire which proved one of the most important and most permanent in Europe.

Pepin inherited from Charles Martel the great power which the mayors of the

palace exercised in those days; and it was this power, coupled with his great persevering ambition, which enabled him to gain a name remarkable in history. The entire Frankish nation recognized him and his brother Carloman as their leaders, and two wiser leaders never ruled a people. In them was found none of the jealousy which would naturally appear; unlike the Roman emperors, they worked together for the common good. It was their combined armies that defeated the common enemies, and brought new territories under their control. Though Pepin held almost absolute power, yet he did not wish to dispose of the rightful king. He sought out Childeric III., a neglected Merovingian, and placed him on the throne. How lucky it was for France, as well as the rest of western Europe, that events were carried out in this way. What might not have been the condition of the country to-day, if this Childeric was a little wiser, and if France had never known Pepin as a ruler? When Pepin ascended the throne a few months later, he had the honor of being the first king to receive the holy ointments and the blessing of holy Peter. The kingdom of France gradually extended its boundaries until at last her monarchs were called "Kings of Rome" which, so short a time before, meant kings of the world.

The Roman Church had anointed and blessed Pepin and he became, as Robinson says, "A German chieftain transformed into the Lord's anointed." Among many rulers that in later times received those honors, which one felt it his duty to help the Church in return? What other ruler acknowledged it a great favor and made himself the

servant of the Church? When the Pope entered France on Pepin's invitation, it is said that he went out to meet the Holy Father and walked by his side as a groom. What must have been the faith of this monarch, when he persuaded his councillors and most of the chief men of France to aid him in the support of the Church? Great sufferings were endured during the long and dangerous journey from France to Italy which was undertaken in order to subdue the troublesome Lombards. When he had returned to his kingdom, and when he heard that the Lombards had again attacked Rome, he was not found wanting. With his trusty warriors he again crossed the treacherous Alps and faced the enemy. It was on this occasion that he gave the most wonderful proof of his acknowledgment of the Catholic Church. He forced the king of the Lombards to grant to the Holy See the "States of the Church." Mann quotes Pepin's words on this occasion: "It is not to please man that I have so often engaged in battle. It is only for love of Blessed Peter and to obtain pardon of my sins. No amount of treasure can move me to take back what I have offered to Blessed Peter."

As Pepin helped the Church by military means, so also did he employ spiritual means. Convents and monasteries sprang up and flourished by his aid: churches were built and religion triumphed. Many were induced to follow the example set by their king, and all were encouraged to recognize the truths of the Catholic Church. A few days after his second return to Rome death claimed Pepin. The great empire was left to his sons, Carloman and Carl; the latter, known afterwards as Charlemagne, followed his father's plan and was of much service to France.

How different is France to-day! The religion of its founders is neglected, and in its place corruption reigns. The atheist now holds the place that was formerly held by God-fearing men. Then she was a great nation; now she holds a lesser place in the world. Her priests and nuns have been forced to leave their homes, and now labor in foreign lands. Let us hope, however, that she will change again, and that another Pepin will appear who will raise her up and re-establish her religion and her government.

Work Wins.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

THERE'S a maxim oft repeated,
 "Work wins."
 Never has this been defeated—
 "Work wins."
 Whatso-e'er your occupation,
 Whether high or low in station,
 In each day's concatenation
 "Work wins."

In the class-room you will find
 "Work wins."
 In a game of any kind,
 "Work wins."
 If you would attain success,
 Blend your toil with faithfulness,
 Then with me you will confess
 "Work wins."

May this golden apothegm,
 "Work wins,"
 Be for you a New Year gem,—
 "Work wins."
 From this little contribution,
 Draw your '08 resolution,
 And you'll find in life's solution
 "Work wins."

The Paw-Pac.

P. J. HAGGERTY, '10.

In a quiet secluded spot at the summit of one of the Moosic mountains, the Paw-Pac has its source. Its winding course leads through the cool and silent woods of the mountain side, through gully and ravine, over plain and field, through woodland and dell, bounding over huge boulders and fallen trees, until at last it is swallowed up by one of its peers. With gigantic strides, leaping and foaming in wild desperation, it goes dashing headlong through glen and vale; over spreading plains, peaceful and calm as a slumbering lion that licks its paws as if in satisfaction after a feast, it glides on with but the slightest murmur, content with the havoc wrought and seemingly exhausted after its violent exertion. The force of the river is strengthened from time to time by the little rivulets

which come wandering in from the country around, until, after traveling over several miles of forest and plain, it becomes a mighty power.

On an August afternoon when the sun is lowering towards his rest, if we would stroll along the banks of the Paw-Pac where its waters are peaceful and quiet, perhaps we may see in its shady nooks the stream trout with his silvery body flashing against the current; we may hear the bobolink and canary singing among the elms and water-birch along its banks; we may observe, if we lie in some shady nook, the deer timidly pick her way on the opposite bank, grazing as she goes along, then down to the inviting stream where she satisfies her thirst; after cooling her parched throat, she stands gazing with admiration into the silent stream which reflects her graceful figure. The black bear and the panther take an occasional glance at this peaceful spot, but turn away again, for what was once one of their favorite haunts is now the camping ground of the hunter. To the stranger passing through this country it would seem that Nature had been more than generous, almost partial, in distributing her charms. Everything seems to be in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

About a mile from where the river empties into the Lackawaxen, it hurls itself over the Paw-Pac Falls, a distance of nearly one hundred feet. In all its majesty it rolls over this high precipice, which, no doubt, has been formed by the constant hammering and dashing of the waters on the rock and soil. The falls face the north and extend east and west. Almost every afternoon when the sun is shining, at a certain hour one might see the rainbow spanning the abyss into which this mighty force hurls itself. Mighty as this force seems to be, yet, whether of its own accord or not, the ingenuity of man has succeeded in harnessing it for his own use. Part of the western end of the falls has been washed away by the constant passage of the water, and about half way down forms a shelf or ledge. On this shelf or ledge the cleverness of man has built a dam where he collects the power to turn a huge wheel, which in turn sets and keeps in motion thousands of other

smaller wheels, which by their application serves man's purpose. Like a fierce, powerful beast it is held at bay and made to do its master's bidding.

The Indian in his moccasins once trod the banks of the Paw-Pac. It was his home. In it were woven the joys and sorrows of his life; along its banks on moonlight nights he courted his dusky sweetheart; in the surrounding forest he hunted for his food and clothing; to it he retreated after battling with the white man. He built his fires on its banks and smoked his pipe in perfect tranquillity; in its clear waters he fished, and near it his squaw prepared his food; on its banks his great councils were held, and decided weighty matters; along its banks his favorite horse grazed, and from its limpid waters slaked its thirst; and in its banks he buried his tomahawk when he smoked his pipe of peace with his white brethren. But the red man treads its banks no longer; over his bleaching bones the Paw-Pac sings his requiem; the wind whistling through the trees weeps and sighs for his absence; the very air breathes his undaunted spirit.

So much alas for what has been! The river in its own majestic way still flows on, contributing its share to the plan of creation. Now through the umbrageous glen, now through the open country, it winds its way to the larger rivers and thence to the sea.

Joan of Arc.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

A MAIDEN came into my dreams one night
 In armor clad, and with majestic air
 Rode on her charger past me unaware
 Of my admiring gaze; like plumed knight
 She rode, and held aloft a banner bright,
 In whose rich folds the artist did ensnare
 An image beauteous beyond compare,—
 An image of the Master Infinite:

Time shifts the scene. Behold the robes of death
 That cling about her as she passes by;
 Injustice leads her hence; yet not a breath
 Of hate escapes her lips, nor any sigh
 For her misfortunes:—He that comforteth
 The martyr maiden tells her how to die.

Ballade of The Mistletoe.

H. A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

ALL Christmas is a jolly time:
 How gaily ring the sleighing bells
 Their tinkling, silvery, clinking rime
 So clearly 'cross the frosty fells;
 But there are dreams no music quells,
 That range the heights and depths below;
 Ah! who shall say what first impels
 To stand beneath the mistletoe.

Perhaps in some far tropic clime
 The booming surf recalls the knells
 Of lands where church's holy chime
 Reverberates through icy dells;
 Yet still the errant fancy dwells
 On childhood's days of long ago,
 When timidly your bosom swells
 To stand beneath the mistletoe.

And though you've past the reckless prime
 When youth his future calmly sells,
 And fortune's but a painted mime
 Whose horn holds naught save bagatelles
 Yet still your heart sings ritornelles
 When passing through the days of woe,
 You call to mind the last farewells
 And stand beneath the mistletoe.

ENVOI.

Receive, O prince, these lyric shells
 O'er which the tides of fancy flow.
 I'm sure the god grants sweeter spells
 To those beneath the mistletoe.

The Reunion.

WILLIAM A. HUTCHINS, '11.

Forth into the starry, western night
 went the sturdy sailor, stout of limb and
 strong of heart, John Storme. Away
 beyond the shore, the pale moon and a
 myriad stars shimmered on the dancing
 waves, save where the "Albatross," wait-
 ing for her master, lay like a ghostly
 thing in the silvery light. On land, from
 the coast far up into California's hills,
 millions of fireflies were weaving an intric-
 ate, shining web, whose glistening threads
 were ever fading and darkening and flashing
 anew, intertwined in a bewildering maze.
 From the shore he looked back, when little
 John's lisped "good-bye" was borne to him

on the evening breeze. The golden-haired
 boy and his mother were silhouetted in the
 doorway. It was hard, this saying, "good-
 bye," and sailing away over the lonely sea,
 far from his love and hearth. Something
 rose in his throat, and his voice was choked
 as he called "good-bye," for even that
 great heart that had for years looked
 undaunted upon the fury of the deep, had
 quailed when duty called once more into
 the paths of danger whither love forbade.

Touched by the tender scene, the men bent
 to their oars in reverent silence, and the
 master was borne over the tossing waves
 to the "Albatross." Then the good ship
 pointed her way toward the boundless deep,
 and the silver-capped waves flowed in over
 her resting-place. On deck John Storme was
 busy with the details of departure. Poor
 John Storme! What if he could have seen
 the abysmal void that yawned in the wake
 of the "Albatross!" But the moon shone
 fair ahead, and his heart knew nought of
 the anguish that was written for him in
 the eternal book of doom against the hour
 of his return. Over the peaceful waters a
 turbulent, merciless spirit moved, and in
 the spraying surf of the shore it folded its
 wings, and midway between the waves that
 flashed with silvery sheen and the breezes
 that swayed with trembling fire, it pitched
 its camp for the vigil of death.

Six months had passed since John had
 sailed away. For the mother six months
 they were of prayer, of silent anxiety and
 of tender, heartfelt longing; for the little
 curly-headed boy, six months of playing in
 the ocean surf, and of watching for the
 white-winged "Albatross."

Early one morning, while the rising sun
 was still haloed in the mists of night
 on the crest of the inland hills, lured by
 the gentle fondling of the tiny waves, he
 ventured beyond his depth and the heaving
 swell pillowed the helpless little form for
 a moment that the sunbeams might revel
 once more in the golden curls before the
 unseen depths had embraced him forever
 in death. His mother heard the despairing
 cry and ran screaming to the shore. Forty
 feet out the crest of a wave gleamed
 golden. Into the tossing billows plunged
 the agonized mother, calling in tones of

an awful anguish to her little one, and struggling with her fast waning strength to reach the golden crested wave that rose and fell just within her sight.

A week passed and the "Albatross" came home. On shore there was no light to guide the men who rowed John Storme to land. Silence and darkness reigned over all. With an unspeakable fear in his heart, he rushed in breathless haste up the sloping beach. From room to room he ran, calling his loved ones. Terror gripped his heart and the cold sweat came out upon his brow. With his trembling fingers he scarcely could strike a light. In the glare of the kitchen lamp, half cooked food, bearing evidence of a week's neglect, met his gaze, and confirmed the horrible suspicions that filled his mind. Then he found their clothes, and he saw the little song-bird dead in its cage, and he knew. Then the great abysmal void yawned about him and the pall of an eternal agony enfolded his heart, and as the bitter flood of his anguish burst the high walls of stoic fortitude that his strong character and vicissitudinous early career had raised about the wells of emotion, and as the burning tears coursed down his quivering cheeks, he sank to his knees, and lost in the dismal depths of despair, as the lonely traveler, dying upon the desert waste, shrieks unto the vast solitudes from the torments of his heart and conscience, he poured forth in sobs and broken words, the sorrows of his desolate soul to the hovering angels of God. At last his loud lament died away to a whisper, and the fireflies, flitting in at the open door, cast their soft radiance upon the kneeling figure, and showed the silvery white hair, and the pale, drawn, quivering face, and the glistening tears upon the furrowed cheek, and the sad, unseeing eyes. Down upon the shore, where the billows droned a mournful hymn, the sad angel of death stood expectant in his spectral bivouac, for his hour was near at hand.

Drooping low over the western sea a great cloud rolled toward the inland hills. At last it lowered over the gardens of the fireflies, and the nebulous web and the dancing beams of the moon and the stars were

lost in the gloom of the rising storm. Away to the west the great ocean thundered and boomed in the depths of the all-engulfing night, and the rushing blasts that came riding on the mountainous billows lashed the angry waters, until the inland hills sent back the volleying roar of the sea. An hour before John Storme had stumbled down to the shore through the fireflies glistening web, and blinded by the anguish of blighted love, he did not notice that the scene was no longer fair. He heard not the roar of the turbulent waters beyond, nor the majestic boom of the thundering storm in the vaults of heaven above, for while he sat on the beach he had fainted away, and now as he slept, where soon the high-tide waves would mount and rear beneath the lash of the wind, there came to him in a dream, the hallowed scenes of his happy days, and he beheld afar off the little curly-headed boy and the mother, and they were smiling and beckoning to him. Then, as he slept, as though by the mercy of God, the great waves rose with the tide and bore him, sleeping, away to those that he loved. Perhaps, for a moment in the watery depths, his eyes were opened, and he saw the golden curls on their sandy pillow, or read the anguish in the mother's face. But now he had come home again, and as the glory of the dawn streamed over the inland hills and roseate tinged the little home, the angel of death moved away over the placid sea, and followed the fleeting shadows of night. His work was done.

After Twilight.

JESSE H. ROTH, '10.

THE sun is hid behind the distant hills,
 And over all the scene dull darkness falls;
 Across the lake I hear the echoing calls
 Of herdsmen to their flocks; then all is still.
 Beside the race I stand, hard by the mill
 Whose weather-worn, dilapidated walls
 And creaky stairs and loud resounding halls
 My heart with thoughts of early childhood fill.

Anon the mistress of the cloudless night,
 Yon radiant moon, looks down, and from her throne
 Celestial sees her image in the lake;
 In joy she sheds about the scene a light
 Transcendent in its charms, which I alone
 Enjoy, as if 'twere there for my sole sake.

The Old Year's Departure.

—
 GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.
 —

FAREWELL, my friend, my time at last is spent,
 Now we must part;
 I've tried to bring true peace and sweet content
 Unto your heart.

I would I could have given you each day
 Replete with joy;
 I hoped all care and sorrow to allay,
 Pain to destroy

No longer dare I stop, my life is o'er,
 Gone now from me.

Another year now breaks on time's rough shore,
 And bids me flee.

Friend, use it well, it comes in joy and mirth,—
 Peace is its glow,
 Ah! soon there'll come a time when from the earth
 It too must go.

—•••—
 The Ways of Fortune.

—
 FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.
 —

Jack Pennville was one of those thousands of newsboys who make their living by selling newspapers in our larger cities. His mother had died when he was but seven years old, and Jack was left to the care of a drunkard father whose sole purpose in life was to get enough money during the week to be able to spend the Sunday in drinking and gambling.

About a year after his mother's death, Jack and his father quarrelled, and as a result the boy received a severe punishment, supplemented with the refusal of the parent to have anything further to do with the son. Accordingly, Jack was forced to leave home and shift for himself.

Old Pennville continued in his usual mode of life for a while, but as time wore on, his awaking conscience began to reproach him for his hasty deed, especially so after he had thought the matter over and discovered that, after all, the blame rested entirely upon his own shoulders. As a result of this remorse of conscience, he amended his ways and returned once more to the path of duty and righteousness and began a search for his lost son.

In the meantime things had gone wrong with Jack. His health had failed him, and, try as he may, he could not succeed in making a livelihood. The thought of his father added to his depressed spirits, and often he dwelt upon those earlier scenes of childhood, only to feel that "sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

One day while Jack was walking from Denver to Coldville, in search of employment, he heard startled yells behind him and turning round was met by a fearful sight. A horse harnessed to a small wagonette had become frightened and was dashing along the road at full speed, trailing the reins in the dust. The occupant of the vehicle, an elderly gentleman, medium in size and well proportioned, stood upright in the conveyance, waving his hands in a most frantic manner. Jack knew that there was an unsafe bridge a little beyond the sharp turn in the road where he now stood. There was only one thing to be done and that was to stop the horse in its mad career. He therefore stationed himself a little to one side of the road and as the animal dashed by him, gripped it by the reins. So sudden was the attack that he was carried a short distance and severely bruised, falling into a state of unconsciousness immediately after the horse was brought to a stop. In searching his clothing for a clew to his rescuer's identity, the old gentleman found a miniature of a lady which he recognized to be that of his wife, while Jack, on returning to consciousness, declared with equal sincerity that it was the picture of his mother. Upon comparing notes, they discovered that they were father and son who had thus become reunited through the mystic ways of Fortune.

—•••—
 To the Old Year.

—
 PETER E. HEBERT, '10.
 —

FAREWELL, Old Year!

Thy parting brings fond mem'ries back to me;

'Tis now I hear

The echo of thy counsels sounding clear,

Like silv'ry tones of sweetest melody.

Farewell, Old Year!

The Gunners' Outing.

EDGAR J. MISCH, '10.

It was a glorious summer day. The sun was scattering its beauty and brilliancy over the earth. The air seemed light and refreshing, and the birds, enlivened by the pleasantness of the day, chirped merrily to one another as they bathed their feathers in the sun's golden rays. The river St. Joe rolled gaily within its rugged banks, as the tumbling waves reflected back in sparkling bits the sun's bright beams.

This is the sort of place the "Sons o' Guns," a club of five lads lovers of sport and nature, had chosen as their halting-place on a day's outing. Instead of the peaceful silence that till then had reigned in this garden of nature, the lusty shrieks, the boisterous laughter, and the occasional report of a rifle filled the air. The smell of clover and wild flower were drowned in the powerful scent that came with the fumes blown from pipes and cigarettes.

Their game consisted of a woodchuck and a few birds. This was their morning find. It was not much, to be sure, but they expected to be more successful in the afternoon.

The lads selected a shady nook just at the water's edge and there they spread their supply of food, and with merry laughter and friendly jokes they enjoyed a meal as pleasantly as did ever a prince at a royal table. The meal over, a pack of cards was produced, and soon their interest was all in the game, except when one would jump up to try his luck at a passing bird. The fifth, tired of watching the playing of his four comrades, wandered with his gun into the shrubbery. Perchance he might add to their small string of game, he thought. He soon was out of hearing distance of his companions, and they, wholly interested in their game, did not miss him.

Thus passed an hour or more, when at length, with much friendly arguing as to who did the most cheating, they picked up their guns and were about to proceed; they then noticed their fifth member gone. They called and whistled, thinking he was at a short distance in the wood. They waited,

but no answer. After much searching in a group they became a little alarmed, and decided that each should go in a separate direction, and as soon as he was discovered to return to the spot and shoot three times into the air.

The scouts disappeared, each on his road, and nothing was heard for a long while. Finally, the signal, the three shots, rang out and the lads returned to their rendezvous, but great was their alarm when they found that the one who had discovered him was not able to bring him along.

The lad travelled along not noticing as to where he was walking, his mind intent on the flight of birds or game of any kind. He chanced to walk upon a crust that had gathered over an old foundation. Beneath the crust was mud and water and at the middle it was not able to uphold his weight and gave way. Luckily at this spot it was not deep enough to cause him to be covered, but caught him as far as the waist. He was unable to get out, as the ground under him was not level, neither could he clutch onto anything in order to help himself out.

He was making strenuous efforts to do so, when his comrade came upon him, but to the dismay of both they found they were too far apart to give assistance. The lad bade his unfortunate mate remain in his uncomfortable place till he brought the other fellows up to help. Thus it was that after they had all returned to their stopping-place, they went with haste to the rescue of their unfortunate companion. With the help of branches and logs, and much damage to their clothes, they at last landed the luckless adventurer on firm ground.

The sad affair put a check on their high spirits of the morning, and the return home was less joyful than their going away. Their wet clothes were heavy and their spirit lost its desire, for further hunting that day. With rifles resting on their shoulders, the "Sons o' Guns" left the pleasant spot that had allured them in the morning and turned toward their homes across the fields.

The birds seemed to feel relieved at their departure, for they again chirped merrily to one another, and seemed to congratulate their neighbors on their escape from being shot by the molesters of their solitude.

In Revery.

BERNARD. B. MULLOY, '11.

I AM sitting by the fireplace thinking of you, mother dear,
Spanning all the space between us, for I hold you e'er so near.
I can feel your arms around me, I can see your gentle face,
And I often think of Heaven when beholding such sweet grace.

Oh! how well I now remember all the tales you once did tell
Of the bands of holy martyrs, and the place where angels dwell,
Of the legend of the robin that upon Christ's head did rest,
There to find a shield of crimson to be carried on its breast.

How we sat those winter evenings, while the fire was blazing bright,
All the lessons of my childhood ne'er will vanish from my sight.
When we parted that spring morning, as I kissed you at the door,
Little thought I that the parting was to be for evermore.

When my life is filled with sorrow, and no sunlight can I see,
When the days are long and dreary and the world is cold to me,
Then in vision do I wander to your knee as when a boy,
There to hear those cheerful words that filled my care-free youth with joy.

The Evil Conqueror.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

In that part of far-off Poland where the turbulent waters of the Vistula disturb the quietude of the Cracovian settlements stands a lofty castle commanding a view of the surrounding country. This antique structure which was wrested from the Zalewskis two generations past, tells the story of many a hard-fought battle between the oppressor and the oppressed. Day after day Margraf, the encroacher, tried to storm it by means of every device which his evil genius could contrive, but in vain. Though each day brought a fiercer charge against the castle,

it likewise brought a bolder resistance. In vain did Margraf try to alienate the surrounding tribes from their allegiance to Zalewski; in vain did he attempt to bribe the guards who were stationed at the castle.

It was on a bleak November evening in the year 1794, just as the sun had sunk below the horizon, that the guards from the walls observed a band of Cossacks approaching at a distance. No sooner was the call to arms given than numerous bodies of armed men turned out for the defence of the castle. Again the guards took their post on the wall; and this time they returned with the announcement that Margraf was coming hastily at the head of nearly eight hundred Cossacks. No sooner had the Polish defenders' line been stationed in front of the castle than a loud uproar was heard, and the gallant young followers of Zalewski clashed in a mortal conflict with the grim-visaged Russians. The young Poles were dealing mortal blows to all who crossed their path; their lances, whose brilliancy was lost by the impending darkness, were momentarily drinking Cossack blood.

Destruction was to be the inevitable portion of the besiegers, for as yet the Polish line remained unbroken, till Margraf, seeing his men falling on every side and perceiving that fortune favored the Poles, called forth the assistance of the Evil One, wishing to be overcome by him sooner than by his Polish adversary. And straightway, bearing in his hand the fiery brand of hell, the transformed demon, together with his blood-thirsty followers, rushed headlong upon his assailants and smote down all who came in his way, until, having reached the spot on which Zalewski was exhorting his men to the fray, he laid the noble chieftain lifeless on the field of battle. The Poles, terrified and hardly realizing what had occurred, fled in dismay from the bloody scene.

It was about nine o'clock on the evening following the battle, that Margraf and his Cossack soldiers were assembled in a spacious dining-room partaking of the spoils of the conqueror and relating the experiences of the previous day. While at one part of the hall contention arose as to who had acted

the more bravely, at another the flight of the Poles was much commented upon. But all agreed that without the spirited bravery of their leader everything would have been lost. And having drunk to the health of Margraf, with one voice they swore that they would never forget that memorable November night. And never did Cossack speak more truly. Hardly had the words escaped their lips, when a figure clad in black entered the room to the astonishment of those present, and with an air of defiance approached them and said: "Presently I will return and enroll under my banner one of you who has promised to serve me." No sooner had the figure departed than a violent struggle took place between Margraf and some unseen power. The former struggled to free himself from its clutches; he begged, he entreated. Persistent, irresistible and invincible, the mysterious and invisible agent of darkness seemed to maintain the unequal contest with the determination of a deadly foe. Finally Margraf collapsed. The evil one had claimed its victim.

Childhood Scenes.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

I KNOW of dells where rustic bells
 Their mellow voices chime,
 With songsters rare whose carols fair
 Are sung in every clime.

I know of lakes amid the brakes
 Where silence ever sleeps
 From morn's first ray till even's grey
 From out the forest creeps.

I know of hills whose beauty thrills
 My soul with speechless awe,
 And rippling streams where nature teems
 To His eternal law.

I love them all, yet oft recall
 The scenes of days gone by,
 When youth found joy without alloy,
 And knew not sorrow's sigh.

These scenes I love far, far above
 Fair nature's richest bowers,
 For thro' the days they shed soft rays
 And brighten all the hours.

The Game.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

"Ready, Quinston? Ready, Lakewood?"
 Tr—er—ur—ir—r!—the whistle whirred its shrill notes above the steady murmur of thousands of voices of cheering spectators. The hand of the umpire rose over his head, then fell. The game was on, and O'Ryan booted the oval far down the field toward Lakewood's goal line. Whack! Two opposing players met in a flying tackle, the impact heard by all the multitude suddenly hushed and intent upon the game. Fast went the plays, up and down the field the ball was carried, but never for a touchdown. The snappy plays were good-natured, but determined and stubborn.

O'Ryan, star quarter-back and punter for Quinston, was happy. He liked the fray because it was real life and struggle, and because it put every ounce of his solid muscle into action. Quick as a flash he darted through an opening in the opposing line, hugging the ball, and dodging, twisting, and jumping, he gained. "Down!" yelled the official as a dozen men, pushing and pulling, all went down with O'Ryan.

Back and forth across the field rolled the dinning "rah, rahs" with O'Ryan's name at the end. Joyously the hero of the minute panted behind his nose-mask. Again the slashing plays went on, fast and furious, every nerve strained to its uttermost. In every play the little "quarter" put forth his best. When again he tore away from his foes for a gain of fifteen yards he made a pretty picture, at least so thought Rose, "the girl," as she frantically waved the Quinston pennant and cheered vigorously, even if shrilly and girlishly.

It was a happy scene, holding an attraction quite aside from inter-collegiate rivalry and display of brawn. The muscular sinewy forms, the clear, commanding signals of the quarter, the clash and contest of plays and counterplays, the speed of aggression and retreat, the cool, crisp November air, and the joy of the youthful spectators, filling the air with rival college yells, were inspiring. They were full of the happiness of youth, the spur of contest, the joy of life.

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—We notice that the authorities of certain college towns have deputed to student-commissions the power to deal with outbreaks of their fellow-students against law and order. It would seem that this is an open confession on the part of the city authorities of their inability to cope with the student law-breaker. It would seem, also, as though the authorities wished to place the misdemeanors of college men in a separate category from ordinary violations of the law. Should these distinctions be made?

Laying sentiment aside, there is no reason on earth why the college law-breaker should not be dealt with the same as any other miscreant before the bar of justice. It is a legal axiom that all men are equal before the law. Why, then, this discrimination? Should we lay down one code of morals for the student and another for the ordinary civilian? We are too much wont to condone really serious offences against the law by student perpetrators, passing them over under such palliative names as "frolics," "escapades," "freaks," etc. As a matter of fact, young men will do things collectively that they would not do singly; they will do things away from home that they

would not do at home. But a laxity in these matters on the part of the authorities is tantamount to taking cognizance of this tendency, and can only result in lending it an impetus which will further dull the sense of moral obligation in the student.

—This is pre-eminently an age in which there is the greatest need of expert knowledge. In every phase of our national and economical life we need the specialist, the man who has given the best part of his life's work to the study of one particular subject and knows that subject thoroughly, whether it be statecraft, finance, electricity, mechanics, or any of the sciences. But a very important factor in the success and happiness of such public men—and let all engineers and scientists give the thought some consideration—is the amount of "liberal culture" they have acquired. There is a danger that this class of men may have their knowledge so concentrated on one subject that they will not be able to lend themselves to a just consideration of the many other elements which necessarily enter into daily life. What we need are broad-minded experts who know how to handle the constantly rising problems of business life. Engineers, and in fact all young men who intend to specialize in scientific courses, should, while at college, be occasional visitors to the art departments; they should become acquainted with the great literary masters of poetry and prose; they should acquire a taste for music, and, in fact, for all those elements of the æsthetic which go to make up the social happiness of man. If it is necessary that an expert's knowledge be deep, it is likewise true that it should be broad and extensive.

It would be well for engineers, and for all men who intend to specialize, to give some time to this thought and follow some of its suggestions. For it would be deplorable indeed if any of them should be transformed as Darwin was, of whom it is said that he so buried himself in science and the hard truths of life that in his old age he cared nought for poetry or song and felt no longer that love for music which he prized so much in his earlier life.

—Who among the pioneers of a century or two ago would have thought that the forests of this vast country were hardly to outlast the twentieth century? Yet

The such is the fact which presents itself American to us at the present time. The Forest. scarcity of lumber for commercial purposes is commented upon on all sides. The workingman or the business man must pay double the former amount for his building materials, and many are abandoning the use of wood almost altogether, relying upon cement and steel in the construction of modern buildings. This condition of affairs has been forced upon us, partly through the lack of foresight in the generations which have preceded us, and partly because of the immense and rapid growth of our cities. Fortunately the government has already taken steps to avert the misfortune as far as possible by making forest reservations, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the people of all sections of the United States will take it upon themselves to assist in the work. If, as has been suggested, one tree were planted for every one which was cut down there would be no cause to fear the censure of future ages, but instead we would be leaving a heritage which would win for us the applause and gratitude of men for ages to come.

—Perhaps there are few among us who do not know the value of a friend. But how many in choosing friends select those whom they know to be of sterling worth, those with whom they are to be intimately connected for a portion of their lives, and to whom they are to become attached with bonds of steel? Such intimacy exists everywhere, but more especially among college students. Away from the influences and environment of home, they are eager to make friends and to keep them. For some it may be their making or unmaking, but surely such association leaves some impression upon them in after-life. College friendship is not mere acquaintance, the meeting and parting year after year, but it is a certain something which is wrapped about by ties of enduring affection that are to become firmer as years go on. Such

friendship is the outcome of discreet selection. It is not the one who is always overflowing with jollity, ready to rouse good fellowship in the flowing bowl; not the adept at clever sayings, or the polished dresser, that makes the truest friend, but rather he whose influence helps the growth of moral courage, clean living, and lofty hopes. The right kind of a friend means much to the man of noble ambition.

—On the 15th of December, the North Atlantic Squadron, in command of Rear Admiral Robert Evans, departed on its long journey to the Pacific.

A While this gigantic fleet is Larger Navy. absent, our eastern coast will be practically open to attack, as the land fortifications are few and of comparatively little strength. The vastness of this country demands a larger navy. Our eastern coast has sufficient protection, but there is no Pacific squadron. A short time ago this was not necessary, but now a great naval power has begotten itself in the far East. This necessitates a Pacific squadron. Moreover, Japan and England have entered into an alliance, so that if Japan should declare war on us, England would be drawn into the conflict, and then we would be situated between our enemies, strongly fortified on one coast, with no protection on the other. England, Japan and every nation, except the United States, are rapidly increasing their navies. It is an opportune moment to quote the ancient motto: "If you wish peace, prepare for war."

—The close international relations which have sprung up with the rapid advance of civilization demand the establishment of a permanent tribunal International where powers can settle Court of Appeals. their common difficulties. The exclusiveness which existed when intercommunication consumed weeks and months is a thing of the past. It has given place to a closer bond of international fellowship. The time is ripe for countries to become better acquainted and settle their disputes after the sane manner of arbitration rather than by cudgel-

ing one another and making might right. The recent conference at the Netherlands' capital is a good beginning. What it has achieved, be that ever so little, shows the idea to be a practical one. The most difficult problem, as shown in the last conference, was the question of individual standing. Mr. Choate's motion to set a regular interval for future meetings came to nought when the head of the Brazilian delegation insisted on every one of the forty-four countries being represented. This objection to equality, regardless of prestige, area or enlightenment, deserves consideration. It is hardly natural for a large power, like France or Germany, to fall in with the idea of allowing a Haytian or a Brazilian any voice in questions which concerned itself. Once the relative standing of each power has been settled, we will be fairly under way toward securing international arbitration.

—It is with deep interest that the public is watching developments in matters relating to the liquor traffic. An unprecedented wave

The Prohibition Movement. of public opinion—the strongest agent of the reformer—has swept across the country gathering volume as it has progressed. Last November this wave found its first expression in the triumphant victories of the Prohibitionist leaders in many states. The facts appear to bear out the assertion that this movement in favor of a much-needed reform is not a sporadic one. The reformers are prepared for a long and bitter struggle, and if the present healthy condition of the public mind continues, they may expect to bring victory to their cause ultimately.

—The third annual reception of the Pennsylvania Club, which was held at the Hotel Schenley on the third of January,

A Notable College Affair. was a complete success, and reflected great credit on the students. The ball was carefully arranged, and good taste prevailed throughout the affair. The magnificent ball-room was beautifully and tastefully decorated with palms, ferns, Notre Dame colors, and various college pennants;

the effect was very pleasing and suggestive of college environment. The programs were of a keystone design, the body being in blue and overlapped with a gold ribbon. Under the name of each dance there was a suitable quotation which elicited favorable comment. Over a hundred couples were in attendance.

It is a source of great pleasure to the members of the club to realize that this annual event has attained such considerable and commendable distinction in the social life of Pittsburg. There is no question but that those who are chiefly responsible for the success of these receptions are worthy of praise—even the praise of imitation, which other state clubs might do well to accord them.

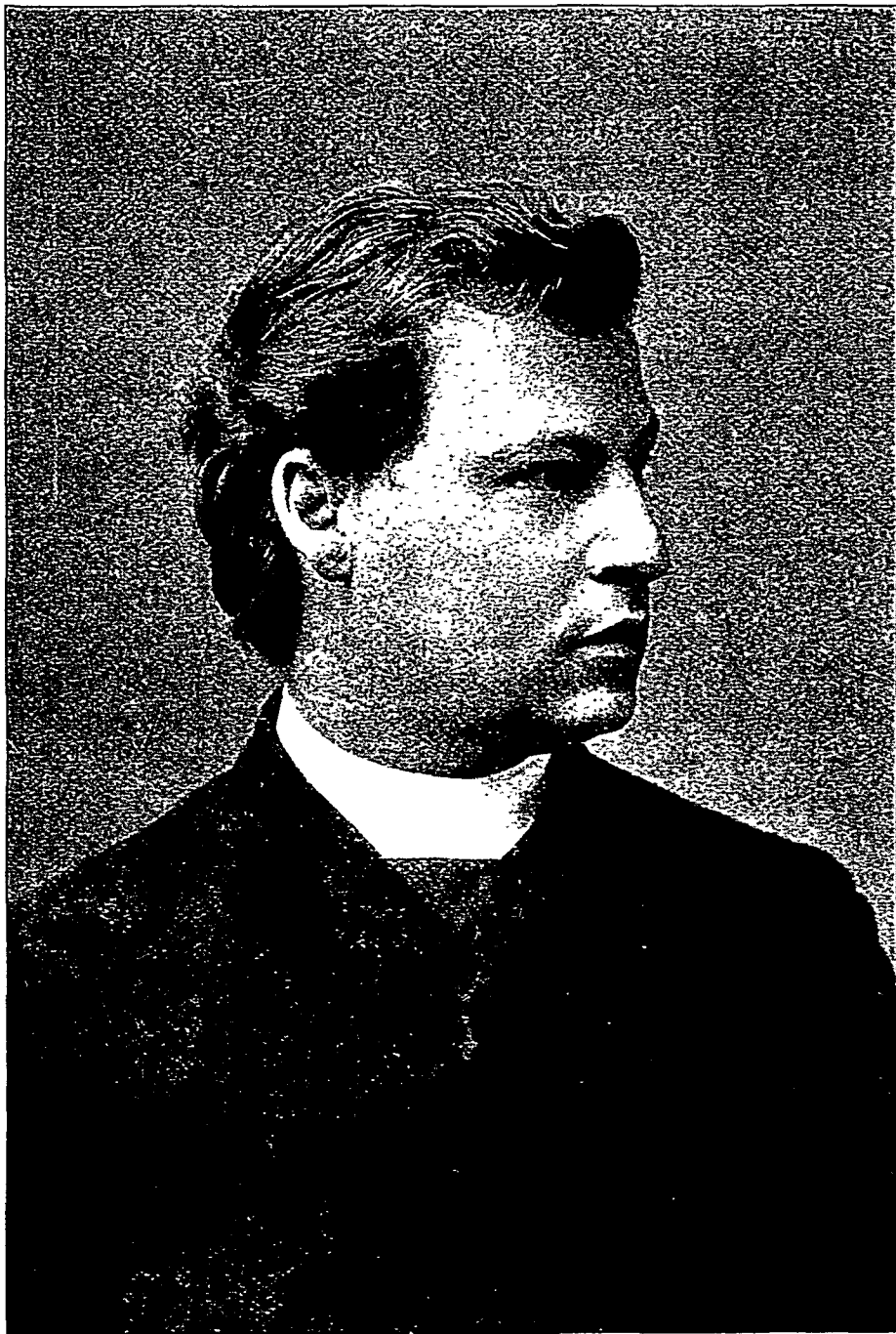
—The ratchet in the cycle wheel of years has again clicked and now 1908 is registered. With the ratchet firmly set there is no turning back to 1907.

A Resolution for 1908. The past year is gone forever. For us it may have been a year of gratification or disappointment, of success or failure. If well spent we have that inward satisfaction which comes to the man who has utilized his time, and we start upon 1908 from a higher level; if squandered, the time has passed for amends. And now we must look forward to the present year and what it will bring. The present year may not seem to differ much from the past. True, we have the same sun, the same stars, the same beautiful days and quiet nights, but there has been a change. The unceasing, inevitable procession of years has brought us one year nearer the stern, hard, unrelenting world, which all too soon, will demand of us what we can do.

What shall we be able to do? We are answering this question now—in the days of our preparation; for now, more than ever before, preparation seems to be the synonym of success. With the knowledge that college days are golden days, it is commendable that we should now resolve to use the precious days of the fleet 1908 to the best advantage. At this time a resolution may seem late, but such a resolution is always fitting, for it is only another way of saying that we intend to be true to ourselves.

The Death of Doctor Stafford.

A rare spirit passed away from earth on Friday, January 3d, when the gentle soul of Dr. Stafford went to God whose faithful servant he had been. There were few persons so loyally beloved in life; few will be so tenderly mourned in death. Dr. Stafford was an outstanding figure in a city which



assembles distinguished men from every corner of our country; he was an eloquent man in a city where eloquence is common; he was an influential man among the leaders of American citizenship.

It was as a lecturer on Shakespeare that he was best known to the outer world. Few men have so luminously interpreted the great poet, and few have given his words such fitting expression. But it was always

for the sermon within the play that Dr. Stafford stalked the boards, and no one who ever heard his titanic lecture on Macbeth can doubt his marvellous influence for good as a lecturer.

But the highest tribute that can be paid to Father Stafford is that he was a great priest. None of his curates heard so many confessions as he; none preached so often on Sundays and week-days; none was half so often approached by the sorrowing, the suffering or the needy; none gave so much thought or time to the orphans of the parish; none was so frequent a visitor to the schools.

It was this quality of Dr. Stafford that most impressed the discerning visitor. Over and above all the gifts with which he was so lavishly endowed, and crowning them all, was a priestly spirit which inevitably won admiration.

Father Stafford was one of our Doctors of Law. He was an enthusiastic friend of *Alma Mater* and a frequent lecturer within her walls. Here he counted many warm friends to whom his death comes as a personal sorrow.

When word came that he was gravely ill, the public prayers of the Community were offered for his speedy recovery. No hearts waited more anxiously than ours for news from the room where he fought with death; nowhere was the grief more poignant when the melancholy intelligence came that the battle was lost. And let us assure those who loved him best

and longest that nowhere will more fervent prayers be offered for him.

The eloquent lips are forever dumb, the energetic pastor no longer grips the staff of his priestly office; but the story of his good deeds is written in the Books of God, and the memory of his noble life and priestly virtues will long abide among those who knew him. May God grant eternal rest to his noble spirit!

Obituary.

The Rev. Thomas Crumley, Vice-President of the University, was summoned to his home in Cincinnati during the holidays on account of the illness of his venerable father. Mr. Crumley was in his eighty-fourth year but alert and active and in the full possession of all his faculties. On New Year's morning he passed away, surrounded by all the members of his sorrowing family. He was buried from the Cathedral on Friday, the 3d inst. The sympathy of the faculty and students goes out to Father Crumley and his family in the hour of their bereavement. *R. I. P.*

* *

It is with profound regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. Samuel Dixon, the father of Carmo Del Dixon who is a member of Brownson Hall. The deceased was stricken suddenly while seated in his office in Toledo just four days before Christmas. The members of the University faculty and the students extend to the members of the bereaved family the kindest expression of their sympathy. In particular the sadness of the event has touched the hearts of the students in the School of Architecture with whom Carmo Del is more closely associated. His classmates gave expression to their sentiments in a set of resolutions of condolence.

* *

We regret to announce the death of Dr. Charles H. Taylor, of South Bend, who passed away Jan. the 8th, after an illness of three days. While not officially connected with the University, Dr. Taylor enjoyed in a large measure the confidence of the students. His untimely death will be lamented by many of the older boys to whom his genial character had commended him.

* *

Death has during the past few weeks brought sorrow to an unusually large number of persons who in one way or another are connected with the University. On December 28 T. Dart Walker received the sad news that his mother had been called to her reward. In spite of the fact that

Mrs. Walker was advanced in years and feeble in health, the message was one of sorrow to the members of the faculty and students of the University.

Basket-Ball Triumphs.

Dec. 23—All Collegiates,	28; Wabash, 17.
Dec. 24	“ 30; Rochester College, 25.
Dec. 26	“ 15; Penn. Y. M. C. A., 8.
Dec. 27	“ 27; Fort Wayne, 25.
Dec. 31	“ 27; Cincinnati, 32.
Jan. 1	“ 19; Louisville, 21.
Jan. 2	“ 21; Hartford City, 14.
Jan. 3	“ 12; Kenton Nationals, 15.

The above is the splendid record made by the Notre Dame boys who toured the surrounding States as the “All Collegiate Basket-Ball Team” during the holidays.

The Louisville team has played the best teams in the country including “Yale,” “Muscatine,” and several others. But notwithstanding this fact the Louisville paper says: “In the best game by long odds thus far this season on the local floor, the Crack Coliseum five barely defeated the fast Notre Dame bunch. It was by a splendid rally in the second half that the locals were able to win out. All the Notre Dame men played well, and had it not been for the number of fouls called on them the victory would have been the other way.”

The Hartford paper says: “The Catholic College team was composed of the best bunch of players that have been on the floor this year, and their conduct won favor with the audience.”

At Kenton, Ohio, the team that has played together for over six years and has never met defeat—victorious over Yale 38 to 12,—was quite sure it would have an easy time with the visitors. The game started with a rush, and by a couple of lucky starts the Kenton boys gained a few points. But it didn't take long for the Notre Dame lads to get up their Irish and start after the home boys in a whirlwind style of play.

The team has disbanded and the members are to try out for the Varsity five, which will undoubtedly be as strong as that of any college in the West. The team was composed of Raymond Scanlon, Fay Wood, John Dubuc, Chester Freeze and James Fish.

Personals.

—Leon Rennay (René Papin, student '81 to '84) is again in America for his mid-winter season of vocal concerts. He has already been booked for many organizations, and is especially sought after in places where he has been heard before.

—Louis J. Herman, who was graduated in law with the class of '91, is located in Evansville, Ind., where he is practising his profession. Louis was secretary to the President of the University during part of the time he spent at Notre Dame.

—Dr. W. C. McDonough (student '98) is a prominent figure among the Knights of Columbus in Topeka, Kansas. He recently officiated as chairman at a banquet following the initiation of one hundred and fifty members into the 4th degree. Dr. McDonough is an enthusiastic alumnus.

—Brother Gabriel, C. S. C., made his religious Profession into the hands of the Very Rev. Provincial Morrissey, C. S. C., in the chapel of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, O., on the Feast of the Epiphany. He is a graduate of the Commercial Department, and is now Director of Studies at St. Joseph's.

—On Sunday, December 29, Brother Louis, C. S. C., had the happiness of making his final vows as a religious of Holy Cross. The ceremony, which took place in the Novitiate chapel, in presence of the Very Rev. Gilbert Français, Superior-General, was presided over by the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, Provincial.

—William H. McCarty, '04-'05, brother of Franklin McCarty, B. S. '07, has joined partnership with his father in the printing business at Lynn, Mass. He is well remembered at Notre Dame, and he bids fair to rise high in his chosen work, being an active member of one of the largest printing establishments in the East. The SCHOLASTIC and all his friends at Notre Dame wish him the greatest success.

—Dr. Thomas J. Swantz, '04, is to be congratulated upon the steady progress which he is making in his profession. His practice is growing rapidly, and the success of his work is appreciated by the people of South Bend, where he is located. As a

particular evidence of the confidence which is already reposed in him by the community in which he lives, it may be mentioned that not long ago he was chosen as ariea physician to the South Bend Lodge No. 435, local order of Eagles.

—Herman E. Altgelt, student of Corby Hall '04-'06, who has been employed by the Oliver Plow Works in South Bend since leaving Notre Dame, has risen to a responsible and lucrative position with the above firm. He has recently been placed on the travelling staff, and January 4th he sailed from New York for South America, where he will remain for some time in the interest of the company. Mr. Altgelt is the youngest representative that the big establishment has ever sent to foreign lands.

—Henry Kemper, '05, has achieved signal distinction in his studies at Rome as a student in the American College. His successful work in ethics merited for him the distinction of winning the gold medal awarded for special proficiency. He had the special honor of being unquestionably the best in his class, whereas in other contests, such as that in higher metaphysics, the first medal was merited equally by several. Henry was well prepared for his work, having received his master's degree at the University before going to Rome.

—Colonel William Greene Sterett has resigned his position as editor of the *Dallas Morning News*, and it is understood that the action was prompted by the demands of his party that Colonel Sterett accept the nomination for Congress. He was a student of Notre Dame in the old days, and his old friends will be glad to read the following tribute paid to him by the *News* on his retirement:

There are few if any men in the country who are more widely known than Col. William Greene Sterett, and his good reputation and pleasant companionship are quite as extensive as his vast acquaintance. His reputation as a newspaper man of the most vigorous and most highly entertaining class is too well known to attempt to repeat the good things that have been said about him or to set in to make a display of his laurels. With a fund of information that is inexhaustible he combines a humor that is rich and inimitable and a happy faculty of expression that has been a delight to his craftsmen and to the reading public. Coupled with these qualities is an integrity that is absolutely above question.

Local Items.

—Found—A ring. Inquire at Holy Cross Hall.

—The question for the inter-collegiate debate is as follows: "Resolved, that corporations engaged in inter-state commerce should be compelled to incorporate under federal laws, constitutionality granted."

—Mr. Edward Banks, Ph. D., of Chicago University, lately gave Very Rev. President Cavanaugh a Babylonian tablet of extreme interest, the style of writing, earlier cuneiform, and the place where it was found indicate a date not far from 3000 B. C.

—Classes were resumed in full on the third of the month according to schedule. Some of the students were slow in returning in spite of the fact that they will suffer a two per-cent diminution in their class marks for each day missed at the end of the Christmas vacation.

—A very exciting basket-ball contest between the "Mules" and the "Invincibles" of Brownson Hall, last Wednesday afternoon, resulted in a tie, the final score being 26 to 26. The Mules were ahead during the greater part of the game and the score was tied only after their long-winded opponents had succeeded in tiring them out. These two teams will meet again in the near future, and it is probable that the Mules will be the victors.

—The Director of the Bishops' Memorial Hall thanks Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, LL. D., for a life-size bust of Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley of Detroit. Also for the following: a rare lithograph by Gregori, representing a solemn procession in the piazza of St. Peter's, Nov. 15, 1847; photograph of Bishop Quinlan of Mobile; engraving of Nazareth; photograph of St. Augustine's parish buildings, Kalamazoo; souvenir of Bishop Baragay; souvenir of Bishop Rosati and Bishop Lefebvre; a number of old magazines; and photographs.

—Colonel William Hoynes, Dean of the Law School, received word that the contract has been signed by the Board of County Commissioners at Plymouth, enabling the monument trustees to secure the money appropriated by the State for the erection of the Pottawattomie Monument at Twin Lakes. This monument will mark a spot well known to the early missionaries of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the early days before the Indians were unjustly deprived of their lands in that vicinity. Colonel Hoynes is a member of the Board of Trustees by appointment of Governor Hanley.

—"A New Year's Vigil, with Greetings to

Friends and Companions" was the title of a program in which the members of Holy Cross Hall interested themselves during the vacation. The most important number of the program was a comedy in two acts, entitled "Vacation." The parts were taken by Messrs. S. P. Szamecki, T. A. Lahey, J. A. Quinlan, E. J. Misch, C. J. Marshall, P. P. Forrestal, A. A. Hebert, W. A. Carey, C. C. Miltner, W. A. O'Shea, S. A. Hosinski. The success which attended the efforts of the young actors made New Year's Eve most enjoyable to all who were fortunate enough to be present at the entertainment.

—The terminal of the street-car line at our end of Notre Dame Avenue has been keeping the company busy since the line was put in operation. Four different poles which were used for the double purpose of bumper and anchor for the trolley wire have successively proved inadequate when put to a severe test. Each of them has been reduced to kindling wood when used as a substitute for brakes. Five times the brakes failed to work, five times the car overreached its mark, and only once in five cases has a pole withstood the shock without injury. The company has finally done away with the bumper idea and has resorted to the two-pole plan for terminal.

—Serious work has already begun in all departments of public speaking in preparation for the contest in debating and oratory. Particular announcements will be made in reference to each contest later. Those engaged in the work are classified as follows: intercollegiate debating to select six representatives who will discuss the question of federal incorporation of inter-state commerce corporations, with Georgetown and Ohio State; preparatory inter-hall debating on the question of election of Senators by direct popular vote; preparatory contest in oratory open to preparatory students only; freshman contest in oratory open to freshmen only; sophomore contest in oratory open to sophomores only; and junior contest in oratory open to juniors only. Those who are interested in inter-collegiate debating will confer with Professor Reno, Room 54, Main Building; those who are concerned with preparatory debating will report to the director of studies, Dr. Schumacher; those who want information regarding the above-mentioned oratorical contests will call on Father Quinlan, room 22, Main Building. There will probably be an oratorical contest for the purpose of selecting a representative for the contest which is held under the auspices of the Peace Association in Cincinnati. Those who desire to submit their names for such a contest will confer with the director of studies.